

H-71\_2003





en = "in, on, at"      a = "to"  
de = "from, of"      para = "for"

por = "by, through"

mí = "me"      usted, ty = "you"

él = "him"      ella = "her"      ellos = "them"

ustedes = "you all"      nosotros = "we"

sin = "without"      conmigo = "with me"

con = "with"      contigo = "with him, them, you, her"

contigo = "with you (family)"

Nota esta trabajando en la tienda ahorita.

Noti is working in the store "right now"

¿casada/soltera?      Estoy enamorado.

Can I see you later?

¿Puedo verte más tarde?"

Would you like to take a walk?

¿Quisieras dar un paseo?"

Te quiero → I love you.

Barnes & Noble, Inc. New York, NY 10011

- 10 diez
- 11 once
- 12 doce
- 13 trece
- 14 catorce
- 15 quince
- 16 dieciséis
- 17 diecisiete
- 18 dieciocho
- 19 dieinueve
- 20 veinte / beh een teh
- 30 treinta
- 40 cuarenta
- 50 cincuenta
- 60 sesenta
- 70 setenta
- 80 ochenta
- 90 noventa

Yo pienso te quiero.

hablar → hablando

usted, ella, él tiene  
ustedes, ellos, ellas tienen  
"ing"

Tiene (you have)  
Tengo (I have)  
Tenemos (we have)  
Tienen (you guys or they have)  
Nosotros, Nosotras } tenemos



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contigo = "with you (family)"

Marta está trabajando en la tienda ahorita.

Nati is working in the store "right now"

¿casada/soltera?      Estoy enamorado.

Can I see you later?

¿Puedo verte más tarde?"

Would you like to take a walk?

¿Quisieras dar un paseo?"

Te quiero → I love you.

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Nosotros } tenemos  
 Nosotras }

Tengo (I have)  
 Tenemos (We have)  
 Tienen (you guys or they have)

Yo tengo  
 Usted, Ella, El tiene

hablar → hablando  
 "ing"  
 Ustedes } tienen  
 Ellos }  
 Ellas }

Yo pienso te quiero.



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voth<sub>4</sub>

## The Fifth Volume of the Hex

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SPRING  
la primavera, el otoño, el verano,  
el invierno  
winter      fall      summer

hace frío, calor, viento, sol  
cold hot windy sunny

el día, el mes, la semana, el año  
los días de la semana:  
el domingo, el lunes, el martes,  
el miércoles, el jueves, el viernes,  
el sábado,

las meses del año

1. enero 7. julio
2. febrero 8. agosto
3. marzo 9. septiembre
4. abril 10. octubre
5. mayo 11. noviembre
6. junio 12. diciembre

## Brains In Chains

They are kids with brains in chains  
Whenever they play, it rains  
Blood flowing down into drains  
Awaken with aches and pains  
Our civilization strains  
We fight to unchain their brains

Masses are going insane  
All that we love is in vain  
The Heart overflows with pain  
The Mind is sacred domain  
Revolution ascertain  
Re-education campaign  
Men in suits we do disdain  
From employment we abstain  
Now marked with the Sign of Cain  
We are kids with brains in chains  
Whenever we play, it rains  
Blood flowing down into drains  
Awaken with aches and pains  
We fight to unchain our brains



Prepare for the acid rain  
Don't wait for the moon to wane  
Earth Mother will not sustain  
You're choking on sugarcane  
Becoming a scatter-brain  
Now listen as we complain  
While King George smokes crack cocaine  
The gringos are leaving Spain  
Hijacking the pleasure-train  
New uses for an airplane

We all have our brains in chains  
We drum and pray for the rains  
To wash the blood into drains  
Make sense of our aches and pains  
Now we unchain the kids' brains  
Cut the cables off their cranes  
Civilization still strains

Breaking the threshold, mark twain  
Surviving the new terrain  
Are we able to explain?  
Nothing of Empire is sane  
Princes drowning in champagne  
Shuttle astronauts are slain  
The cold blood has left a stain  
While prophets of doom maintain  
Our culture we must restrain  
Will humanity remain?  
Let Primitivism sustain

To all those with brains in chains  
Tear out the gort, what remains?  
Breaking these chains in our brains  
No more kids with brains in chains  
Breaking these chains in our brains  
Tear out the gort, break the chains



# Hell's Bells Break Her Spells

I ~~stare~~ every passerby

When I testify

When I prophesy and denigrate

Hey You, who shall I testify?

Adios, Adios, I say Goodbye

Overdose on the pie, they crucify

When I die, Will You Cry? ~~X~~

Do You believe The Lie?

No more Love Songs written

I scratch the flea-bitten kitten

At least she purrs and waxes my written

Breaking Spells, I am no longer written

Thanks be to Arundhati  
She is the Great Litigator  
Exposing the old Illuminati.

Help me forget the Face of Nat.

Let her birth a handbook for Valentino

Or dump a fulcrum in a Big Casino

Let her fly back to Mexico or San Marino

I don't even like that music, Disco Latino

Sexual frustration is an ugly dance, Yo ~~X~~

I just want to pet her  
and make her wetter

But, lo and behold, she is the Great Forgetter

Did she even read My Letter?

I thought she knew me better.

She can knit herself an Ice-Cold-Summer  
sweater.

~~Now I wish I~~

Now I regret the day I met her



Goodbye, Goodbye  
say, Why They lie?  
Goodbye, You Fly  
I say Goodbye  
I die, You say  
They believe The lie  
Goodbye, Goodbye  
Say, Why They lie?

Did I mention the suspension of the Tenors -  
My total circumvention of the Administration?  
My intention was to get her attention,  
But she lacks comprehension of  
My Absentation,  
In My Extension, My Active Intervention  
She had me feeling second-best  
They infect, then they just, and  
I get depressed.  
Not impressed by your Over-dressed  
Lack of Rest  
Leave you there with my words  
to digest  
Horned in a bullet proof vest  
No longer obsessed or distressed,  
Now I be Self-Possessed!



Call me geek - Yes, I am a freak.  
Not afraid to speak,

I outsize The Black  
Never Employee of the Week  
I am a Unigue Antisocial With  
a Mock Physique  
Holy Fuck - sick of playing  
hide-and-seek !

And my Love-Pain has been self-inflicted  
Your sadness, Your confusion

It was all predicted.

Addicted, convicted, and  
totally restricted,

My Love conflicted  
My Mind contradicted

Thank you for the smiles  
Now I walk The Miles  
While sleek juveniles conpire styles  
I kick garbage along trails into piles  
(chums)

Sister, sister, Love-Spell from Hell  
For so long I fell, but now I rebel  
In the upswell I duped young Jezebel  
The way I conped has no parallel  
Farewell, I escape My Tower Prison Cell  
Watch me burn down this holy citadel

My bills are Unpayable  
The Dragon is Unpayable  
Your mind are Unpayable  
My prayers are Unpayable

Verse  
1



(creme de la creme)

## Embrace My Emotions In Motion

TO THE WORLD:

I came back home for a spell  
Then I came to the conclusion  
That we are in the realm of Hell  
Buy or sell, but listen as I tell

She becomes more beautiful each night  
Inner Forces I just cannot fight  
Focusing me, pulling me, no discipline  
I see her and I ache to  
Touch her skin

TO HER:

Like an escaped tiger - I pace  
Do you hear me when I sing?  
On railroad ties, I dance in place  
Are you in my breathing space?  
It's not cool the way you make me sweat  
But I don't care, I want to be you feel  
First it was your kindness,

Then your eyes,  
Your mouth, your neck,  
Now your ass and thighs

I'm not well-to-do or from Timbuctu  
My heart, mind, and words are true  
But you must think me quite cuckoo  
Giving voodoo coo to the Sioux in our zoo



standing outside, wet and cold  
Waiting for you is making me old  
Romeo died for want of Juliet  
Love will be the death of me yet

to love me back or set me free  
Your kindness is a cruelty  
Don't you see me standing there?  
Could it be you just don't care?

Do you feel my inner telepathy?  
Do you ever at all think of me?  
Are you ready for my honesty?  
A kiss from you would be ecstasy

This year has not been wasted —  
Broken dreams and tears I've tasted  
My very soul has been shaken  
I awaken and forsaken the overtaken

I don't know, I don't know —  
Maybe it's time for me to go —  
Time to put an end to our little show  
Time to get on your face and go toe to toe.

To leave this place  
I must forget your face  
But that would disgrace  
The whole human race



TO THE WORLD:

Man loses hope

He starts to mope

Then he turns to dope

Or hangs from a rope

I'm not about to poke my veins

Or let my love bleed down into drains  
Underneath, I need to regenerate

Rejuvenate, navigate, and procreate.

Is this self-delusion or just confusion?

This intrusion into my decision

Our interfusion in a shared illusion

My conclusion? A soul transfusion

Why do I love her?

Why do I whisper her name?

Am I not lame?

Have I no shame?

I know this game is lame

That it leads to blame

I know she doesn't want

my surname

But even still I exclaim and proclaim:

She is the crème de la crème



## What Is So?

I feel my heart racing  
When I hear her voice  
This can't be controlled  
I have no choice

What is so? What is so?  
I need to know  
Before I go, before I grow  
Tell me what is so

When you sat down so near to me  
Perhaps she would I rather be  
A machine serving the needs of love  
You, before me, like a vision from above

She knows how to make my heart race  
She melts me with her legs  
as she's reading my face  
I wonder if she feels my innermost desire  
My heart is merely fuel,  
but she is the fire.

No hablo ella nombre  
Ninguno sacito ella nombre  
Canto a veces ella nombre  
Respirio y suavito ella nombre

I do not speak her name  
I don't write her name  
I sometimes sing her name  
I breathe and whisper her name

Chorus



Not mine, not mine, no still I pine  
We relate our fate, no still I wait  
She is not what she seems to be  
Does she know what she does to me - ?

One of these days, and it won't be long  
We'll enter a secret world within a long

You will know how much

I respect and adore you

I don't want to be the guy  
who tries to control you

She is free to be kind to whoever  
she pleases

There will be no trapping this girl  
with your holy Jesus

When delighted by his charms,  
set off the charms

Her power is more real than even  
Nuclear arms!

This is not a joke, she is steering the ship  
She holds it all together  
on the top of her hip.  
Bottom to be heeled to an endless job  
Then to be the sad wife  
of some domesticated slot.

(shows)

How can I ignore such things?  
I can't deny the emotion she brings  
To this soul-killing  
baby breeding factory

When in the still of the night  
You are supposed to be right  
Inebriated in my soul  
I am paralyzed thought



Enough for one day, enough for one night.

You got me holding back

my monkey just kept alright

What right do I have to want

to protect you,

But one look from you, and ?"

"What's a poor man to do."

Even in the face of extreme subjugation

Your infernal power shines through

Heedless men put the wild flowers

What are the politics of your

female powers?

Your kindness I do cherish,

Your affections I will chase,

But when you cross that Jewish line,

That's the end of the race

Fear one lifetime partner

Do not be dominated by man

We have a common enemy

Listen to my plan

With the plow came the beasts of burden

Plowing, sowing, reeling, gailing

Women became chattel the world over

Trophy wives and the tortured

dominion  
second pages



India, China, ancient Greece and Rome  
Men owned property, women in a home  
subject to their husbands as is  
fitting to the lord  
with this dependency, female freedom  
was not.

Female fidelity to a single life partner  
was central to the doctrine of women's  
power

Most men are used to seek social status  
They grab the booty with their economic  
apparatus.

But I be a dolphin  
fightin I-W-sharks.

What if I were to approach her  
directly?  
To stare into the eyes of that female  
power itself?  
She knows what to do without  
instructions.

Never curse her name  
When she puts you back on the shelf.

I should the moments you gave today  
Now I am dreaming the long night away  
What is so? What is so?

You don't say.

Life is but a dream anyway



## BLACKENED HEART

As the crows chase the ghost out of town  
The fumes of the burning hang me down.  
And as the seeds of love I sown  
Mother love gives birth to Hate.

Too late - just leave me be  
My desire is a crime of the third degree  
My sin is that I long to breathe free.  
But her world has no place for me.

Broken dreams and silent screams,  
Nothing is what it seems  
We're both just animals in this zoo  
I am me, and you are you

It's not your fault - my need  
It's not my fault - their greed  
I'm the broken rebel slave  
Who wants to be freed

I don't want to be you  
Your life I refuse to lead  
But I still pine to see you  
This wound still needs to bleed

I don't regret exposing my heart  
I promised that I wouldn't fall apart  
Her smile had set my heart on fire  
Only she can extinguish my desire

She might have loved me -  
If she only cared to  
But she does not care  
Now, what do I do?

Love turns to hate  
Dream becomes nightmare  
Can this be our fate?  
Without money, go nowhere



Waking these sheets clutching bricks  
Nothing but hate for these cunts and pricks  
How long shall I beg before I steal?  
Please, one cigarette after every meal.

They judge me,  
but I refuse to keep the pace  
Of killing everyone in the human race  
Feel my blackened heart, kiss my ugly face,  
Send out the hounds, hose me down  
With mace

Will you -  
Join the ranks and earn your wages?

Will you -  
Fuel the tanks that keep us in cages?

Fathers feed their children  
By jumping in a truck  
Fast in many hours  
Turn time into a buck

No more holding back the tears  
The time has come to jam the gears  
Of the Great Machinery of Society  
Until we slay the Dragon,  
We can never be free

Watch that man in the monkey suit  
Feel a kick from his steel foot  
Hell No! - he has no foot -  
Inane, deranged, his case is moot,  
Throw rocks and bottles, incite The Fight  
Blurring the lines between wrong and right.  
Shut out that light and say goodnight  
I slobber down trucks and out of sight.



Mark my words, the day will arrive  
When money will not keep you alive  
No more pizza and all that give  
Tell me how the hell will you survive?

"The city is a death sentence",  
Said the Aborigine to me  
Please pardon the next four lines  
There's a darker world I see

Love and smiles come easy  
When the belly is filled with rice  
How pretty is that long black hair  
When its crawling with lice and mice?

Hour after hour, day after day  
I understand why it has to be this way  
We have to recognize that we're in Hell  
Only then will we crack the matrix shell

The matrix is held together with lies  
So it should come to you as no surprise  
Nothing that is so, is so  
Our entire world is in disguise

The wealthy lord is not the brightest star  
His concerns are petty, his pride is in his car.  
The lazy bum who does not work  
Who knows much more than you  
His concerns are deep and true

Your people are beautiful and strong  
That's why I sing this song  
If you all stay in the matrix,  
You won't be strong for long

It is because I love you  
That I warn you of these things  
By now you know my word is true  
Although it is a truth that stings



I was enchanted by your brown eyes  
But you turned my heart to black  
You took my love, ignored my cries  
Now I ask you give it back

I know you are very smart  
And for your home you gave  
Please do not take my heart  
I'll need it when you leave

### LOCAL ANTI-hero

I drive volks around But not for cash  
I drive for smokes unless I really need gas  
My tail lights are out Can't fix my lights  
Can't fix my life Can't find a wife

What's this? Total Chaos.  
No one to blame! Nowhere to hide!

I am free and insecure  
Not a comfortable slave  
Angry, hungry, very much alive  
Until I take the dive

I am free to starve  
Free to live on the street  
Free to be engaged  
But not free to eat

The Lord, He giveth  
And He taketh away  
Fucketh the Lord  
I sing today!



Well written devices for communicating identities  
Principle of culpability

The history of ideas nothing but well written  
plagiarisms.

Emotional charge and passion.

Breathe life into these

Resurrected ideas.

NO SHAME  
NO BLAME

Personal, subjective, and real

Local Anti-hero

I must be lacking.

I must be lacking.

Slacking Slacking Slacking

The characteristics

That would make me a hero

Are nowhere to be found

In this tilted nervous system

The Lord, He giveth and He taketh away.  
Fucketh the Lord, I sing today!

HEY!

Drop me in a field

Leave the recorder at home

Sing to the moon

Religious Experience We Own

The Lord, He giveth and He taketh away

Fucketh the Lord I sing today!

HEY! HEY!

Plundering through the woods

Whining down the bones

Searching for my soul

The devil knows who owns

post scriptum:

Hey (interjection) derived from Old English,  
from Dutch, from German hei!

1. "An exclamation of joy, surprise, or encouragement

2. A cry to set dogs on.



## UNITED IN TEARS AND FEARS

What a world! Mocks our dreams,  
Destroys our goals, Cracking at the seams,  
This world even kills our souls

Reality is in our hearts,  
In our every move and moment  
They have no playing our parts  
No time to seek atonement

Exotic anger radiates from the younger one  
She is missing her share of fun in the sun  
Her smile used to be a great treasure  
She has the right to feel great pleasure.

So why do I feel so sad today?  
It's not my fault her world is so grey  
If anything I invite them each to say  
"My God! My life is being stolen away!"

People who work without end  
Find no time to be a real friend  
Is this true? Are you blue?  
Is there anything I can do  
To help anyone of you?

I would kiss your hands  
Massage your feet  
We could form in bands  
We could dance in the street

People like me are rare, indeed  
Life is just not fair, we are all agreed  
But long days are what you need  
Time to heal, time to bleed  
Even time to feed and read.

Like sunlight to a flower  
I am drawn to you  
You are kind and respectful to  
To me and my cuckoo Eyes of Blue



Why is there so fake these days?

My heart just pays and pays and pays.

What about our pains and agonies

What has the Lord set aside for me?

What if we united in tears?

Could we overcome the fears?

Could we embrace for a thousand years?

One endless night, locked tight,  
ear to ear

Check to check, thigh to thigh,  
Double fetters coiled into the sky  
Should you find yourself ever

Wondering why  
I came to you, a stranger,

To say goodbye,

To say, "Love yourself the way I loved you."

And, "Laugh or cry until the day you die."

I hate myself when you do not smile  
I feel like it's my fault you have to  
walk the mile

I see why you do the "work every day" shuffle  
Living near by, this is the big hustle.

So, you take care of yourself, you hear?

You are smart to live and work so near  
But one thing must be made clear

I feel your heart, I sense your fear.

I wish we could become birds in a tree  
I wish you could lay right beside me

If I had my way, you would be laughing  
and smiling

And the younger one too,

she would not be crying.



I sing to you at midnight,  
on foot and alone  
This song enters into you,  
gets into the bones.  
The song will make you dream,  
a vision you will see  
I am not what I seem,  
I will make you feel me.

With song and dreams,  
I chip away into your heart  
With a seed under snow,  
The flower has its start.

Crying is not bad, Crying can be good  
If you feel my pain, don't you think you  
And you think you ever would  
should?  
Cry me a river if you only could?

Our world is a mess - even your boss agrees  
But still he overcharges, broke and angry me.  
Damn, I feel so bad when anyone of you is cold,  
I feel too much, I should not have  
gotten old.

What I mean to say to you right now  
is that I have cheated death,  
Somehow, somehow  
With what I feel the average man  
would not know what to do



You might have killed yourself  
two times, at least  
if you felt the pain in the breast  
of my heart.

I am a suicide who just will not die.  
I stick around to make the  
children wonder why  
they're forced to perpetuate the lie  
to devour easter bunnies and pizza  
pie.

So, when you are angry,  
get ugly and mad.

There is no law written that says  
you have to be glad!

Don't be kind to those who are not  
kind to you.

And don't be afraid to cry the pain through.

Don't be afraid to be weak or a misfit  
your condition is your reality,  
and this is it.

Your shift is over, now it's time to quit  
Am I an evil monster to want to  
taste your spit?

That was written on 4.20.2003, Easter Sunday  
The next one, "Long Arm of the Shady Law",  
was written on March 17/18, 2003 - St. Patrick's  
Day after my nephew was arrested.

It may have been only the second  
posted poem after we branched away  
from "Poetry For Uncle Cid".

Who is Uncle Cid? Uncle Gorticide?  
Uncle Mike is Satan? NO.  
Uncle Mike is the Antichrist,  
the ANTI-Savior.



## LONG ARM OF THE GREEDY LAW

Pigmonkey wrote:

Quote: "As long as there is a lower class,  
I am in it. As long as there is a  
criminal element, I am of it.  
As long as there is a soul in  
prison, I am not free."

- Eugene Victor Debs

Trading a Christmas TV for cold cash

Running against the setting sun

Cop spots old Volkswagen, white trash

Takes my nephew hostage with a gun,

"No, no, that's my nephew!" Mikey pleads

"We paid back in June to have him set free!"

Cop says, "Got guns, knives, or weed?"

Just doing his job: Feeding the system's greed.

Mikey stay calm, get a grip, sit still,  
all this has gotta be making you ill  
Keep your wits about you, Mike —  
They're all trained to kill.  
And your guts will spill.  
You'll be grass upon the hill.

I want to get out, stand up, erupt,  
Push the blue coals to the ground  
Set the demons free, blow up.

My spirit is raging to fight back,  
But, my flesh sits frozen —  
Unable to attack  
Something — with arms this long.  
Their power is disgustingly strong.



No way to win this fight.  
We are in heaven's way tonight.  
Mike's heart breaking into bits  
Here comes another one of his  
psychotic fits.

Behold me people, better fear the Courts  
We're being hoodwinked and bamboozled  
By the status quo gorts,  
They think life is like their  
stupid sports.

Get your winners and your losers —  
your jails, churches, and luxury  
resorts,

Sails and churches — church and jail  
steal the collection box just to  
make bail.  
How the hell we gonna win this fight?  
No delusions of love, no hope,  
no light.

Tell me, please, is it just me?  
Am I mad? loco? Stone cold crazy?  
Where the Hell is Robin Hood?  
Jesus, he must be lazy!

So difficult for me to digest —  
Honest men are never at rest —  
Catch the spit spraying off my chest  
Forever in trouble, forever aching breast

Call a short Buster with gorts to bust  
Who does a gort Buster call?  
Who can he really trust?  
Dream Sprites, so urgent hear my call  
They got my napsack locked up behind  
that wall.

If we can just get a message through,  
If we can bring something that makes more sense —  
like thoughts before the word.  
Silent signals we send to you



Forget letters and words  
I speak to the animals  
I converse with the birds!

With one soul engaged  
I can never be free  
In contempt of court -  
Feel my hatred,  
Have some empathy.

The State Machinery is stupid, you see  
It doesn't know its friends  
from its enemies

So it bombs Iraq and puts my  
neophyte in jail!

And you wonder why we pray the  
EMPIRES fail.

Make some more enemies, why not?  
Shit, your cops are smoking, all  
the pot

No as they say, not as they do  
Where you gonna run when they  
come for you?

## POETIC LICENSE

What is this *licentia vatum*?  
Where does my authority come from?  
grant me the license of the poets  
please grant me, please grant me

*licentia vatum*, *licentia vatum*  
I deliberately deviate from You  
nothing can restrain me  
no religion can contain me  
I say, "Do not scold, correct, or detain me!"



(3)

my sweet people of the lie  
you really make me cry  
ice cold stupidity  
not responsive to extraordinary  
fully human powers of perception, see...

licentia vatum

(4)

please don't judge me  
licentia vatum  
don't dig a hole and bury me  
licentia vatum, licentia vatum

(5)

i know she must hate me  
for saying "fuck the lord"

so sacrilegiously

i can no longer hide my free mind  
i don't care who i have to leave behind

(6)

goodbye, farewell people of the lie  
should you ever stop to wonder why  
i left our little town back in July  
i didn't ride a plane into the sky  
but cried a river of tears for the cuckoo  
PIE.

Please, por favor, disciple  
don't judge the words I write today  
you don't know, my Queen,  
where i've been.

my mind pushes mass movement uprising

my poetry offends when it does not rhyme  
or when a happhemous outburst  
gets frozen in the lines

if a backwoods humming  
in my ears, fleeing minds

i am just a ghost  
too pale, too white

i am not the one, Morphew  
not today, not tonight

[skip 2 pages to get to 10th verse]



<sup>10</sup> the matrix is done, so be it, i see  
written in stone  
will we never be free?

<sup>11</sup> wait you, please, someone, follow me?  
so be it, much too white

rejected by the people  
now i am asking for a fight  
only love can make it right

<sup>12</sup> licentia vatum, is this mine?

will the people give me license  
to speak my mind  
or shall i just stand in line  
wondering who the fuck i  
offended this time?

unreciprocated love  
hey! that's not news to me

<sup>13</sup> still, it's a heart breaking quandary  
how she has the power to bring me down  
she rips my heart out with just a frown.

Only with poetic license do i resist  
responding to the stupidity with my fist  
better for all involved that i do write  
did you think i would lay down  
and die without the slightest fight?

i've been hated in this town before  
i've felt the ice cold winter winds  
cruel in the rain, kicked down the door  
i saw the goddess doing time  
in a five-and-dime store  
never more, never more



## PLUGS IN

My coffee pot plugs in  
So I must live in Sin  
Light the twigs, smoke my cigs  
Wonderin' how real men been.

Pay your lawyers with your green,  
Keep those "noble" records clean  
Or get caught out there poor  
Praying behind that locked  
Steel door.

52

16/

## POETIC LICENSE (cont.)

i saw two goddesses at the corner store  
nevermore, nevermore, nevermore  
when you said you never loved me

at all,

my heart was free to become the

Antichrist god

white queen,

black queen,

brown queen,

blue

jump back,

Turn away,

the devil gets his due

→ → → → →  
POETIC LICENSE, verse 10-15



Debo permanecer lejos de ella.  
I must remain far from her.

The inactive hungry reptile inside itself.

El reptil hambriento inactivo  
dentro de s mismo.

I attempt to remain far from her.

Losing my emotions in empty space.

Procuró permanecer lejos de ella.

Perder mis emociones en el espacio

Vacío.

She does not hear my inner voice.

Ella no oye mi voz interna

It is mutual chemical attraction?

¿Es atracción química mutua?

¿Debe el amor ser mutuo?

Must love be mutual?

El deseo crea el universo.

Desire creates the universe.

If the gods want to deprecate through  
existence, humans reaches!

Today is always a great day to die,  
since I have lived honestly, written  
passionately even the most offensive ~~outbursts~~  
outbursts, Work kills dreams.

There are 3 words: work kills dreams.  
They challenge the notion of control  
through employment.

If employment is the main  
component of social control, then  
our society kills dreams. To found a  
Dreamers Religion or to just walk  
around in such a profound state  
of awareness that others will feel the  
chill and stand back in awe,  
this is my goal for today.



I set the stakes very high.  
Nati could take me by the hand  
whenever she wants to. She knows  
this. Dream that the very tale of  
self hatred swelling into a Dreamers  
Religion.

I am a hypersensitive cycloid  
who suffers the intensity of breathing.  
Yes, of course it hurts to breathe,  
but does it have to be this way?

Have we all just resigned ourselves  
to the meaninglessness of our lives?

What is the nature of MONEY?

What is the nature of employment?

Who is ruler?

Who is ruled?

Who is master?

Who is slave?

We shall see.

10/6 13:22 What causes me pain today?  
WANT. Want of cigarette, want of euphoria,  
want of coffee, want of food, want of  
Nati's love and attention - and, yet,  
how ironic, young woman Nati has no  
time to play. She works always -  
how responsible. She is too responsible  
to fall in love with a reckless 36  
year old beatnik.

Broadly responsible is Nati.

What will my next move be?

I don't have any "moves".

I just keep writing. I hold back

the anger, the rage, the pity.

I resist responding like a spoiled

child. I resist, but I still feel

the ugly spoiled monster.

Why must I respect others who  
merely repress, suppress, and deny their  
emotions?



## BOUGHT AND SOLD

I have tried to free you from  
your blindness

But I see too much,  
my Vision is too deep.

My emotions become so very tender  
seeing how money turns wolves  
into sheep

I guess I had to write that letter,  
I took a chance, and forced my  
thoughts on you.

But you read my words with your ~~heart~~ <sup>purse</sup>  
and not your heart  
And the more I pushed, the  
further you withdrew.

Your heart seems to be so ice-cold  
I can't even recognize this hometown  
of mine, Freehold

With all the people from the cities  
chasing down their gold

They just keep doing as they're told  
Everyone is bought and sold.

My inner voice warns my heart like a fire

~~They say~~ <sup>Don't let this world</sup>  
who said, "Don't ever let them see you cry."  
I won't live the lie of your Polite Society.  
That my heart is beautiful,

You just cannot deny.



Your heart really is so ice-cold  
But the people's hearts are warming,  
the cold is ~~getting~~ ~~old~~  
is getting ~~has~~ ~~got~~  
OLD.

Children of the Earth,  
he held enough to reject  
the gold.

Why are you doing as you're told?  
Some things can't be bought or sold.

That my mind is beautiful,  
you just cannot deny  
it's a " " "

My mind is beautiful, Oh,  
you just cannot deny.

171 June 20 el viernes 12:52

I was up late reading my poem. I wake  
wondering how I could ever hold a  
job after having gone on entire years  
without any deadlines to meet. I feel  
unemployable. I feel I have given  
up TRYING to impress anyone.

And I feel no shame. The reason  
I got laid and carry as soon as Ed  
Henderson (series) tried to mock me  
is because I do not buy what anyone  
is selling. I am no longer brainwashed.

I awaken wanting coffee and tobacco.  
I am sick of Ed acting like he

is the coolest old dude since Clint  
Eastwood. I am sick of anti-intellectuals  
thinking I am some kind of joke,  
some thing to be "poked at with a  
stick."

My husband is Crazy Ghost  
mode. I am TOO FAR GONE to  
feel any shame whatever. My ugly  
teeth and skinny frame are my reality.



At 23:50, when Mati was closing the door,  
I said "buenas noches..."

Mati replied gently, "buenas noches."

It was like a kiss goodnight.

Then, inspired by her tenderness, I called  
out to her, "Mati?"

She turned to me, holding the door for  
a couple seconds, and I said,

"I'm sorry about the other night."

I don't know what I am saying...  
the language... makes it hard.

And then Mati told me

"It's all right" → it's alright.

(and she gave me a tender smile).

Should I try to keep from seeing Mati  
for 28 days? How can I when it  
felt so powerful to say buenas noches  
to her, to have her say buenas noches  
to me. My heart was happy!

I love you Mati. I want to tell you,  
"Mati, te quiero." I will whisper this  
in my sleep.

[No tengo dinero, pero te quiero]

Poetry is a manifestation of what love does  
to the chemical state of our brains.

The Bamboo Mat by Xuan Chen  
10th century (1100's) China:

I cannot bear to put away the bamboo  
sleeping mat. The night I brought you  
home I watched you roll it out.

When in love, you focus on some tiny little  
aspect of the person you are in love with.

You remember the way they cocked their head  
as they got off the bus or the way  
they smile, and you'll replay those moments.

When you read love poems, you can tell  
some of the brain chemistry that is involved.  
Levels of dopamine are high in the brain.



There is URGENCY, DESPAIR, LONGING.

"It was the limit of my dream,  
the focus of my prayer;  
A perfect, paralyzing bliss,  
contented as despair."

Emily Dickinson

giddiness, elation, euphoria, sleeplessness,  
loss of appetite → all associated  
with high levels of dopamine and  
norepinephrine. These are natural  
stimulants in the brain that give you  
feelings of elation.

When you are in love with someone,  
you can't stop thinking about them.  
This turns into an obsession.

Aztecs (ancient) → Indians of  
Middle America.

3 different systems in the brain:

- ① LUST → testosterone → sex drive
- ② romantic love → obsessive love  
→ infatuation
- ③ ATTACHMENT → sense of calm peace  
and security one has with a long-term  
partner

Brain systems operate to have us do certain things.

We build an unconscious list of qualities we  
are looking for in a mate.

When you fall in love with is very complicated,  
and how you express your love is very  
complicated and very culturally determined.

The actual feeling of love comes out of nature.

The most powerful poetry is written by  
people who are passionately in love at the  
time. That makes them MANIC,  
it makes them desperate.



13.43 After a meal at St. Peters I am now  
ready to update the changed perms.

In "Hell's Bells", I move the last part to the first ~~for~~ verse.

New (changed) vene:

ADIOS, ADIOS, I SAY GOODBYE  
OVERDOSE ON THE PIE, THEY CRUCIFY  
WHY THE FUCK WAS SHE FLASHING ME HER EYES?  
LITTLE BITCH HAD ME MESMERIZED

NO LA-LA-LAND MAKE BELIEVE  
BLOW YOUR NOSE INTO YOUR SLEEVE

NO NEED TO LEARN SPANISH IN A WEEK  
FUCK <sup>YAWL</sup> ~~USERS~~ FUCK TODAY, I WON'T EVEN SPEAK!

SHE PURRS, BUT SHE WILL NEVER  
WARM MY MITTEN.

I JUST... WE BETTER

NOW I REGRET THE DAY I MET HER,

Now my heart has turned bad  
When so glad just makes me more mad  
What a fool I've been  
Hope you enjoyed the laugh  
What a fuckin' waste, all these feelings  
I've had.

I also changed EMOTIONS IN MOTION,  
called EMOTIONS (version 2) :

Her rejection, anger, shame, and awkwardness are  
New & sharp angry pricks at her Family

Now I have to get my horse back,  
lunching a full blown anastomotic attack

But wait a minute,  
no problems

This will work - just fine.

Time to go trapping out over the line  
No more straight line, no more sanity  
Gonna take the police to silence me